PAGES

DESTINY TO
(PART ONE)

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NEW STORY

FREW

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MIKE

Plex Romer

RI - IIIIING!
I'm tucked in, man. What?
Rod and reel, my man. *Rod and reel...*
Shit.
You *know* I already got you those tires.
And I egged that *hut*, too, to make *sure* we were square, and you give me that, *You thought I did that because I wanted to* bullshit!?
But I--
I *don't* like you, Mike. I made a mistake and I paid for it. *Double*. You're sick.
A little tent... Swiss army knife. The tiny stove. *Real* camping.
And *fishing*. That's why I need those magazines.
I think if you're river fishing you need a different *guage* maybe?
Nnnn.
I can't help a man as sick as you. Goodnight--
I want to go *real* camping.

I got no where to be, Dan. I could stay up this pole a *long* time...
I got kids, Mike.
I've got kids too, Dan...
All it takes...
...meet me at the brick thing... It's someone's god damn grave, you idiot...
1827
...no, no, I *put that there a few months ago.* I've got to start living right.
...Is a phone call.
Fingers crossed he rats on us. Then we'll be in the clear.
Peace.
Hoo! Jen, this baby's got a *Readers' Wives*. Man, tastes sure have changed.
You're *Herm the worm,* right? Manny's cousin?
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Oh, no. I am not this worm. Some little mistake. Please.
Hmnnn...
!
Hello? Jenny? Mr. Mike has--... *Herm...* Herm at the front desk... Ground floor.
Please don't--
You want to know about river fishing? And the gauges?
Bingo.
You want to wriggle in the mud, you've got to say it...
I am Herm the worm.
Shortly...
...perm--. I am awake.
Can it, "Worm."
Mike? You know a black Dan?
A few. Why?
?
Well, we got a call from one... Said you might know something about some *eggy huts.*
Day tripping pigs.

Pick a card, any card.
Christ. *Card tricks?* These dicks aren't cops.

The *magic!*
Ugh--
RAMPAGE!

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Check your pockets! *Your pockets!*

SCREEEEEECH!!
COME ON!

!
I'm in heat! Get in!

Couldn't help yourself, eh?
Give it a rest, Donald. Shit.
!MMM
VROO-OO

If you think about it, Mikey, *you're* in the wet seat now.
Susan business...
Mnn uh-huh. Black Dan double-crossed you himself. I'm being *used.*
At least, I think I am. "Susan business" has been pretty tough lately.
What's with the camping magazines?
Te-he!
According to pages twenty-four *and* five, you're married.
Married, huh?
SCREEE-EEEEHH...
SIX ROLLS OF FILM FOR *THAT!?* We shot two rolls on the *hose* stuff alone!

And where do you think I got *that* from? Christ. I've had it. Mike...
I lost the receipts. They won't let me return them.
Lousy with it, eh? Shit. I guess I could use some hose. Sure.
God damn I want a fucking bath. Soak. Prune. Feet up. Flip through some--. Fuck.
... I wonder if B.D's got any more.
Cave sweet cave.
So we use the thicker line, or the thin one?
Dunno. Herm says 'hey'.
I will bet you, Mikey, that he was with his little hat, eh? And do you know why? No? He is *Herm the perm*, too. Always, he has this perm.
He is the runt, Mikey. The runt who brings shame, And anger.
We should go camping. take your mind off this *runt* stuff.
Fin.